

## GERMAN VICTORY

Great Rejoicing Over Result of Automobile Contest.

### DRINKING HEALTH WATERS

The Season Has Arrived When the High Livers Seek Restoration at the Springs—Suicide for Love of Photograph.

BY MALCOLM CLARKE.  
Special Cable to The Times-Dispatch.  
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BERLIN, July 18.—There is great and continuous joy here over the German victory in the Irish automobile race. Herr Jenatzy going for Germany the chief prize, notwithstanding the destruction of the Mercedes factory at Cannstatt by fire, with the specially built motors which it contained, on the very eve of the race. Germany may, therefore, fairly be congratulated upon her success in the face of the frowns of fortune.

To British and French industry the victory of the German machines teaches a lesson. The German cars had not been built for the race, and were of the pattern supplied to ordinary purchasers. They won because they were good, thoroughly trustworthy, and well designed. Their success must be ascribed in great part to the close and careful study which German engineers have made of motor requirements, and to the system of technical education, which in the last fifty years has carried German trade to the front.

Throughout Germany automobilists watch the race with the keenest interest, most clubs being informed from Berlin of all the incidents of the contest. Count Adelbert von Sierstorff, who was witnessing the race, telegraphed the news to the German Automobile Club in Berlin almost hourly, and this was communicated to the various members by telegraph.

The result became known here about midnight, and a number of gentlemen at the Bristol Hotel celebrated the German victory. There was some discussion as to the locality where the next race, on German soil, should take place. The most favored place is that part of Hanover known as Lueneburger Heide.

#### Rush to the Springs.

The season is here when the prosperous and overworked German liver urges its owner toward bitter water springs and bathing resorts, and seldom has the early rush been so great as this year. A Berliner whose billiard organ is undergoing the cure at Kissingen, writes that already seven thousand visitors are in residence there. They hail from all quarters of the globe, but particularly from Russia, where the Governor of Port Arthur, with his wife. It is a long journey from the far Eastern outpost of Russian territorial development, and, despite his autocratic powers, General Grombchevsky may well desire a less remote from the waters of Kissingen.

Another much observed visitor is the Grand Duke Alexandrovitch, an uncle of the Emperor Nicholas. He is in the habit of visiting a tall, thin figure, and looks without the stereotyped beard of his countrymen, more English than Russian. The Grand Duchess Olga, who accompanies her husband to the springs, the concerts, and entertainments of Kissingen, is a beauty of the first order.

#### Emperor Shocked.

The Kaiser has not yet fully recovered from the shock which the Social Democratic victory gave him.

The phenomena of three million men—more than a quarter of the entire German electorate—voting solidly for the "Red Flag," seems calculated to give pause to the Emperor and his advisers. There was a time when the Emperor responded to the anxious representations of his statesmen with the confident assurance: "You leave Social Democracy to me. It is a transient movement. I can deal with it."

As the elections have shown, the waters of Social Democracy are running round even the Imperial Palace in Berlin.

"The herd of men not worthy to bear the name of Germans," as the Emperor once described them, are actually pausing in large numbers, as the voting results prove, within the shadow of His Majesty's own residence. Curiously in which the latest fulminations of the Emperor were delivered, are the places where Social Democracy has most prospered. What does it mean? But there is no fear of revolution. Not one-half of those who vote Social Democrats agree with the economical or theoretical goal of the movement. But they desire to frighten the government into more liberal ways, to protest against the petty tyrannies of the bureaucracy and the police. Everybody is saying:

"Now, watch the course of legislation." The Kaiser is stubborn, but he is a diplomat, and can make up his mind while most of his advisers are still seeking more light.

#### Machines Abroad.

Half a dozen rural neighborhoods in Switzerland just now are celebrating in a most practical manner the mechanical and mercantile supremacy of the United States. It is the season of making hay, and the Swiss are using cutting machines worked by motors, all of which are supplied by a Chicago firm.

Up-to-date Swiss farmers a year ago sent to England and America for descriptive price lists of these machines. American manufacturers sent their catalogues in German and French, while the English firms supplied price lists in English, with the price marked in English currency only. The latter were generally opened and thrown away, and the American house obtained the orders, although English prices for the machines were actually lower.

#### Loved a Photograph.

Budapest furnishes an instance of suicide committed with the slenderest motive yet recorded. A young official named Andreas Pitells fell in love with a young woman whose photograph he had seen in the window of a photographer's shop. As he was unable to find out the name of the young lady whose features had so charmed him, he decided that life was not worth living, and took a fatal dose of poison.

#### Remarkable Verdict.

One year in prison for killing a girl who loved him and whom he loved, was the remarkable sentence given last week by the Berlin Criminal Court in the case of Hugo Noecker, a young married man. The victim of the tragedy was Martha Kersten, who worked in the same factory which employed Noecker.

Noecker's wife intercepted them walking together on their way home from work. She created a violent scene, and accused the young woman of having robbed her of her husband's affections.

Some time before this occurrence, the girl had implored Noecker either to give her up or to commit suicide with her, and after the scene with the wife the two went away together to Spandau. Here, after they had purchased two shrouds they went to a hotel, intending to take some poison which Noecker had been carrying about with him.

After robbing themselves in the shrouds they took the poison, but it did not work, and the girl, having lost its potency,

## NEW PEERS OF BRITISH REALM.



In contrast to Queen Victoria, who made peers and baronets very sparingly, King Edward is bestowing titles with a lavish hand. The picture shows five of the latest peers of the Empire. Taken in the order from left to right, they are Michael Biddulph, a prominent banker; Edward Lawson, editor of a London newspaper; Sir Alfred Hickman, M. P.; Major Rasch, M. P.; George Sotherton Escort, lieutenant-colonel Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry, and Henry Armstrong, son of the founder of the great engineering works and gun factories at Elswick.

by being carried about so long with exposure to the air.

Morning came and both were alive. Then they went out, and Noecker, at the girl's earnest request, bought a revolver and some more poison. All day long they walked about the streets waiting for evening, and when darkness at last fell they dragged themselves to a neighboring wood.

Again they took poison, but again it failed to act, and then, according to Noecker's story, the girl suddenly snatched the revolver from his hand and fired it into her temple. It did not kill her at once, and she lay writhing and groaning on the ground beside him.

"I did not at first know what to do," said Noecker. "It was a horrible sight. But suddenly it came to me that the only humane thing to do would be to end the poor girl's sufferings, and so I placed the pistol to her forehead and fired it again. Her struggles ceased at once and she was dead."

He then fired a bullet at himself and said he remembered no more until ten days later he found himself at his wife's house in a terrible condition of emaciation and weakness.

The girl's body was found in the wood, evidently having been laid out as if for her grave. Her clothing was neatly folded about her, her hands were placed together on her breast, while a sunshade was opened and placed over her head in order to keep the birds off.

Noecker who was charged with the murder of the girl, affirmed that he was so impelled to put her out of her agony that he could not help killing her, and the jury took a merciful view of the case.

## MEN SPEAK FLUENTLY IN FOREIGN TONGUES

(Special Cable to The Times-Dispatch.  
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PARIS, July 18.—A number of forthcoming discourses show how public men now learn to speak fluently the language of their neighbors. Senator George Clemenceau will shortly go to London to be elected, and will harangue in the underground of his hosts upon a good understanding between Great Britain and France.

Recently Jean Jaures, vice-president of the Chamber of Deputies, delivered a long discourse in excellent German. M. Paul Lafargue, former deputy of Lille and relative of Karl Marx, lectured in Spanish. Eurico Ferri, deputy for Rome, comes every year to Paris and delivers discourses on sociology in French worthy of the Academy.

At the recent Congress of Socialists Mr. Hyndman, of England, addressed the assembly in French, as did also M. Van Kool, of Holland.

When he arrived here on a trip from London a few days ago his incoherence was so perfect that he did not even recognize his own face when he looked into a mirror.

He came in on the regular express from Calais, but though the company had placed their finest private car at his disposal, he never as much as looked at it, insisted on making the trip on the locomotive.

At Calais he dressed himself up in overalls, an automobile face protector, engine's cap, and having been initiated into the workings of the mechanism of the engine, climbed up in the cab and took his seat at the throttle, and a minute later the train was slowly gathering speed.

Faster and faster it went. His Egyptian Highness proved himself a most reckless engineer; he continually called to the fireman to throw more coal under the boiler, while the train was tearing

along at a rate which broke all European records.

The train was twenty minutes late when leaving Calais, but arrived at Amiens fifteen minutes ahead.

The Khedive stopped here just long enough to drink a glass of cafe-au-lait in the restaurant.

Then he climbed back to his seat in the engineer's cab, and again the train sped along faster than before.

In a tunnel his Royal Highness lost both his cap and mace, and when he arrived here he looked anything but royal, but his face was beaming with satisfaction as he handed the regular engine and fireman a loud cheer and jumped back into a cab, the driver of which looked in astonishment at his blackened face and grimy clothes, but received a liberal fare in advance and drove off, not suspecting that he was driving for a man of the blood royal.

A very interesting naval experiment will take place near Brest in a few days.

Several ships from one of the heaviest guns in the French navy will be fired against the armored sides of one of our fleet and most modern battleships, the Suffren.

It has often been noted in all the navies of the world to fire shots against obsolescent men-of-war before they were dropped from the naval lists, but this is the first time, outside of actual war, when the effects of heavy shots have been tried on a modern vessel.

Here in France we have formerly sacrificed as trophies the old battleships Armide, Revanche, Bellone and La Galissonniere, to try upon their old hulls the effects of melinite, but there was nothing unusual in this, while since the Spanish-American war the world has not had a chance to observe the effects of modern projectiles upon modern armorplate, and much interest is shown in this experiment by both German and English naval authorities.

## THE KHEDIVÉ IS IN PARIS

So Well Disguised He Hardly Knew Himself.

### RODE ON THE LOCOMOTIVE

Dressed Himself in Overalls With an Automobile Face Protector and an Engineer's Cap—Novel Naval Experiment.

By PAUL LIVLIERS.

(Special Cable to The Times-Dispatch.  
Copyright, 1903.)

PARIS, July 18.—It happens quite often that sovereign monarchs arrive here incognito, but the Khedive of Egypt has surpassed them all in strictness of incognito.

When he arrived here on a trip from London a few days ago his incoherence was so perfect that he did not even recognize his own face when he looked into a mirror.

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## JOKE WAS SERIOUS

Petted Officers of Crack Regiments in Demand.

### BRITISH PRESS CENSOR

Takes a Prolonged Nap When French Actresses Come With Risque Plays.

Censor Badly Needed for Dinner Parties.

By FRANK MEIGGS.

Special Cable to The Times-Dispatch.  
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LONDON, July 18.—Officers of crack regiments, and especially young guardsmen, are so sought after for dances and dinners that it is only natural perhaps that their heads should be turned by so much attention.

The recent "ragging case," in which seven officers were tried by court-martial for maltreating a civilian and were acquitted, has absolutely no effect whatever on the behavior of officers. It is a matter of common knowledge that even if all the officers had been cashiered and disgraced, all the smart clubs had arranged to receive them back again with open arms.

And now comes the news of another case, which can hardly be called "ragging," but which may be described as a stupid "practical joke," with disastrous consequences.

This little escapade has not yet reached the London newspapers.

A youngster who recently obtained a commission in a Household cavalry regiment, "looked upon the wine when it was red" (or white, as the case may be) at his first luncheon.

If he had become intoxicated at dinner all would have been forgiven, but a madman's orgy was considered the worst of forms.

So the youngster was dragged unconscious to bed, and when he had been tucked away the officers went into the courtyard to think of some good scheme to punish him.

There was the "scheme" before their very eyes in the shape of a huge brown performing bear, which, with its Italian keeper, was rejoicing the hearts of the troops.

The keeper and the bear were brought to the youngster's bed-room and locked in.

The noise awoke the embryo general.

The bear, waiting around the bed-room regardless of the furniture.

With a wild yell the boy threw up his hands and rolled over on the floor. His screams brought the jokers to the door and to their senses.

The youngster, who thought, of course, that he had lost his reason when he saw the bear, has actually very nearly done so.

He is still seriously ill and suffering from shock.

It must not be thought for a moment that all officers of crack regiments are irresponsible. Taking them altogether, they are good fellows much spilt.

#### Censor of Plays.

The Censor of Plays in London is a strange, mysterious being, who suddenly emerges from his secret lair to pounce upon an English problem play and destroy its chances of production.

When the annual invasion of London by French actresses takes place this same censor takes a prolonged nap.

"They're French," he says to himself before composing himself to slumber, and they will have their naughty little jokes."

And so plays like "La Passerelle" slip on to the London stage and the virtuous English audience shrieks with laughter at the frankly indecent situations—situations so obvious that a knowledge of the language is quite unnecessary.

In the English version of this play, "The Marriage of Kitty," the meat was boiled down and partly removed, and the result was a rather weak but palatable soup neatly served by Miss Marie Tempest.

It was just as amusing to watch the audience at "La Passerelle" the other night as to watch Mrs. Rejane.

There were no debutantes, which was fortunate for the decent men in the audience, but there were rows of "six season girls" and young matrons who were so intent on not missing a single word or gesture that they forgot to talk.

Now and then the stalls rocked with laughter and screams of merriment issued from the boxes.

And the censor was at home sleeping the sleep of the just.

Only one spinster was stupid or virtuous enough to fall in catching the spirit of the fun on the stage.

The language she knew not, neither did she "catch on" to the situations.

As she walked to the lobby after the final curtain she turned to her hostess: "So kind of you, dear, to give me such a delightful evening," she said. "What a sweet play."

#### One Badly Needed.

As with plays so it is with modern London society. A censor who is awake all the time is badly needed at dinner parties and dances.

Young girls openly discuss subjects, the mere mention of which would have caused the early Victorian dame to shudder.

Much of the present liveliness of London society is due to the burbling asides

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on the part of "nice people" to be on intimate terms with members of the theatrical and even music hall professions.

London actor-managers and their wives are only too glad to meet the residents of Mayfair much more than half way in this respect, but, of course, a quid pro quo is demanded of actors and actresses in the way of regard for interlunatic charities and "at homes."

Many peccesses are on quite intimate terms with actresses of the music halls. It is in the "half world," however, that society is intensely interested.

The fashions of these butterflies are as studiously copied now in London as they always have been in Paris.

At the Savoy restaurant the other night was a chemical blonde, with a shady past, a notorious present, some "Parisian diamonds" and a "one more struggle and I am free" costume, dining with a very well known man about town.

Did the ladies young and old of his acquaintance cut him?

Not a bit of it. They gave him their sweetest bows and

type, uninvited and inebriated.

He made an offensive speech before his voice was drowned by fresh choruses, and then, as the attitude of the party, Americans and English alike, became somewhat threatening, the noisy one sought safety in the courtyard.

It was the one jarring note of a delightful evening.

I am aware that the offensive Englishman who roars like an ass with the British lion's skin is equally familiar to New Yorkers.

More's the pity.

Americans Abroad.

One of the London daily papers declares that there are at present over 8,000 American visitors in this country.

This may possibly be an exaggeration, but the fact remains that never before have so many Americans taken cottages and residence residences as during the present season.

Maldenhead and other favorite towns on the Thames swarm with Americans and the hotel proprietors bow down and worship them at intervals during the day, not forgetting at the same time, to put down all the possible extras at the end of the bill.

American Girls.

That women of the United States have become the most important factors in a London season there is no disputing. If there is a word about a novel and daring feature at a party you may be sure there is an American peccess at the back of it.

The American girl takes these novelties as a matter of course.

The English girl, if she belongs to the smart set, is a little critical at first, then when she sees the men are enjoying themselves, a little nosy and later on rowdy enough to make the servants talk.

Some day—oh, may say you—English and American ideas will become so interwoven that enjoyment will come naturally and spontaneously and not as it does now, in nerve-shattering clumps.

COMPLIMENT PAID TO NEW YORK MARQUISE

(Special Cable to The Times-Dispatch.  
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PARIS, July 18.—The French Government have bestowed another compliment upon the Marquise de Westworth of New York, by purchasing from her a portrait of the late Chaillemet-Lecour, former president of the Senate.

It has been purchased for the Luxembourg, not the picture gallery of the Luxembourg, but the palace where the Senators hold their sessions.

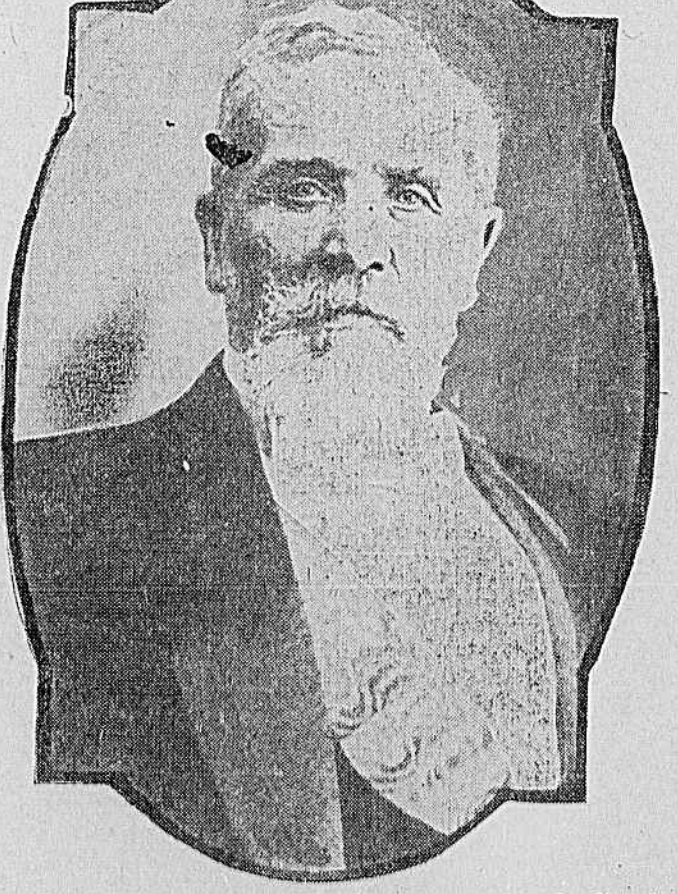
Only a few portraits of its presidents hang upon its walls and the fact that the portrait of the most distinguished president who ever directed the destiny of the Senate is from the brush of an American artist may well be considered a substantial compliment.

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HARDWOODS, MAHOGANY,  
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Latest photograph of President Loubet, of France, taken after his return from England. President Loubet, who has always considered it the highest honor in the world to be a citizen of French Republic, who hates all empty signs of outward show, who often walks through the streets of this city than he rides in the Presidential carriage, has by his unaffected, simple manners, by his confidence-inspiring frankness, accomplished what Napoleon failed to do. He has made England and France forget their old enmity, and he won the hearts of the English royal family as quickly as those of the Czar and Czarina.